

THE
METROPOLITAN.

JUNE, 1844.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Historical Memoirs of a Mission to the Court of Vienna in 1806. By the Right Hon. Sir ROBERT ADAIR, G. C. B. *With a Selection from his Despatches. Published by permission of the proper Authorities.*

Sir Robert Adair's legation occupied a fraction of that eventful period which, on looking back from the calm into which it has subsided, still seems to have been the tempest of all Christendom. The fierce struggles of one gigantic minded man, whose boundless ambition made him grasp at the mastery of the world, rending kingdoms asunder in the violence of spoliation, had put to its utmost stretch not only the courage of the soldier, but the skill of the diplomatist. Factions and parties divided our home councils. One administration elbowed another out of office. In 1806, death dissolved Pitt's administration; and in that which succeeded it, Fox was appointed secretary for foreign affairs, Sir Robert Adair was sent on a mission to the court of Vienna, and hence the despatches which are now before us.

Public opinion has ever been divided whether or not Fox was the friend of peace or Napoleon. True, on his visit to Paris he had received personal civilities from the emperor, who seems to have confidently counted on his co-operation in his plans. Negotiations were commenced, Napoleon requiring that Sicily should be allotted to his brother, Joseph Bonaparte, a demand which, compromising the honour of England, inasmuch as its sovereign, on account of his alliance with us, had already lost Naples, could not be entertained. On the other hand, Napoleon, willing at the moment to compromise with

Prussia, had surrendered to her Hanover, which was accepted and retained, although there was peace between us. The negotiations for the settlement of these opposing interests, first entered on by Lord Yarmouth, and afterwards carried on by Lord Lauderdale, ended, as it was natural they should, in disappointment. While they were pending, Fox died, leaving what were his intentions, and what would have been his conduct, to the mercy of suppositious judgment—a tribunal least of all empowered to sit, or authorized to pass sentence.

Sir Robert Adair, while alluding to the aspersions which have been cast on the political and patriotic character of Fox, offers the testimony of his own belief in exculpation. His personal instructions from him, as Secretary for Foreign Affairs, were singularly simple and straightforward. They seem, indeed, to have well accorded with the character of the man to whom they were delivered, for we have been somewhat disappointed, if we may use the word, at the extraordinary absence of all that subtlety and crooked policy by which diplomatists in general endeavour to accomplish some given end. Here we have no unravelling of tangled webs, no threading of mazy labyrinths, no dissection of machiavelian anatomies. Slight veils may here and there be hung over intended purposes, but the features are sufficiently apparent through the slim transparency. Much that was important, because it was immediate and impending, now appears trivial, because it is passed and done, just as objects have magnitude when near the eye, which turn into mites in the distance. Thus it is that to our mind Sir Robert Adair's despatches redound to the honour of the English statesman, from the very circumstance that they are deficient in that spirit of intrigue which might have made them more palatable to the general taste. Here are no scandals of courts, no whisperings away of reputations, which, whilst they might season and enliven official documents, might also deface the monuments of some who have passed to a higher judgment, and a court loftier than that of kings. The real value of the work consists in the elucidatory light which it may cast over history, a matter so all-important, that every rectification of its errors, and every unadulterated fact which is added to its archives, ought to be accounted as a national benefit.

We append two or three of Sir Robert Adair's despatches when on the eve of departing from the scene of his diplomatic labours. As feathers thrown into the air instantly indicate the way of the wind, so does court favour, which a feather may indeed aptly enough image, significantly express from what quarter the breezes blow. The nuptials of his Imperial Majesty with the Archduchess Mary Louisa Beatrix of Austria had just been celebrated.

“ MR. ADAIR TO MR. CANNING.

“ *Vienna, January 9, 1808.*

“ SIR,—At the court which was held by their Imperial Majesties immediately after the celebration of their nuptials, some circumstances occurred with which, together with what followed them, I think it my duty to acquaint you.

“ A material deviation from the ancient form took place in the admission of the ambassadors to their Imperial Majesties. Hitherto the nuncio had enjoyed the unquestioned precedence over all other foreign ministers, and

the ambassadors have been called in the order of their arrival. On the present occasion, the nuncio and the two ambassadors of Russia and France entered the presence-chamber together. The Emperor, by what I have since learnt, addressed his conversation solely to the ambassador of France.

"At the supper of their Majesties, it is not usual for ambassadors to appear; but the ministers of the second order are placed on his Imperial Majesty's right hand, who from time to time signifies by his grand master his desire to speak with one of them.

"It is undoubtedly true that no order or etiquette is fixed, with regard to the priority of their admission to this honour, but I am informed that it has hitherto been the usage, in consideration no less of the respect and veneration due to the person of his Majesty, than to the rank held by the British nation among the powers of Europe, to call first to the British envoy; and that if any deviation from this form has at any time taken place, it has only been in favour either of the Saxon envoy, as the oldest member of the *diplomatie*, or the Neapolitan envoy, in consideration of the family connexion of the two courts.

"I was, therefore, surprised and hurt to observe that after the Saxon and Neapolitan envoys had respectively been honoured with the notice of the Emperor, the grand master called successively to his presence the envoys of Bavaria, Wirtemberg, and Prussia.

"For a moment I was in doubt whether it was fit for me to remain longer at the ceremony; but considering that a step so marked as that of retiring suddenly from the circle would have put me under the necessity of exacting a reparation, which in the present melancholy state of the affairs of Austria it is impossible for her to make, I preferred a different course, and waited patiently until my name was pronounced, which was after the Prussian envoy had retired.

"The next day, which was the day fixed for the presentation of strangers, I waited upon Count Stadion, and told him that, after what had passed on the preceding evening, it would be impossible for me to attend the circle unless I received some marked reparation for a neglect which I could not help thinking intentional; and that, with this view, I required that, immediately after the ambassadors, I should be the first envoy spoken to by their Majesties, and admitted to present the English gentlemen who attended me.

"After some discussion between Count Stadion and myself, in the course of which he repeatedly assured me that there was nothing intentional in the circumstances of which I complained, and if I pleased he would say so in writing, he agreed to grant me the reparation I asked, and that in a manner sufficiently distinct to attract the general attention. I then further made a point of his arranging this matter himself with the Emperor; and on receiving his promise to do so, took my leave.

"I have the satisfaction of informing you that the promise was faithfully kept, and that immediately after the Russian ambassador, and before that of France, I was spoken to by both their Imperial Majesties, and admitted to present the English gentlemen to the Empress.

"These circumstances, which in any other times would scarcely have called for a detailed communication, may perhaps deserve the attention of his Majesty's government in the present very critical situation of our relations with the Continent, and with Austria in particular.

"I must not omit reporting to you that her Imperial Majesty expressed, on the occasion, the warmest and the most particular wishes for the long continuance of their Majesties' health and happiness; and that, in the course of the evening, the Archduchess of Milan, with whom I had the honour of conversing, took every opportunity of testifying to me how deeply she felt, and how gratefully she remembered, the notice with which she was distinguished by their Majesties during her residence in England.

I have the honour to be, &c.

“ THE SAME TO THE SAME.

“ *Vienna, January 27, 1806.*

“ SIR,—The courier from Prince Starhemberg arrived yesterday from London with despatches of the 10th instant, and in the evening I saw Count Stadion, who communicated to me the state of affairs as they then stood between his Majesty's government and that of Austria.

“ He informed me at the same time that he feared that in a few days he should be under the necessity of presenting a note to me, declaring the motives which had led his Imperial Majesty to put an end to the relations subsisting between the two countries.

“ Although fully prepared for this issue to the offer of mediation of October 28th, I must confess that it will be extremely painful to me to receive an intimation of this nature, without any instructions as to my conduct in a situation so full of difficulty and responsibility.

“ Notwithstanding what passed, I am persuaded that it must be the wish of his Majesty's government to consider Austria as a power to whom every facility should be afforded of resuming at a favourable moment her amicable relations with Great Britain. You must be aware, however, how little can be effected towards this object by my mere personal and unassisted efforts, and that no plan of future correspondence or confidential intercourse, still less any provident arrangement with a view of counteracting the enemy in his designs on Turkey, or of preventing the consolidation of a continental league against Great Britain, can take place, unless under the sanction of his Majesty's government. I have the honour to be, &c.

“ P.S. I have just heard that the French ambassador received four days ago a fresh order to insist upon the expulsion of the English mission, and I know that he has complained of some pretended intrigues by which his demand has been resisted. Coupling the date of Bonaparte's message to England of the 3rd instant with the probable date of Andreossy's first orders, you will observe that if his Majesty's government had listened to his offers, and if Austria had obeyed his commands, (both of which were sent off at about the same period,) he would have been by this time in a state of amicable discussion, and Austria in a state of positive hostility with Great Britain.

“ THE SAME TO THE SAME.

“ *Vienna, February 6, 1808.*

“ SIR,—I have the honour to inform you that I this day received an official note from Count Stadion, acquainting me that Prince Starhemberg had quitted London on January 20th, after having failed in his endeavours to induce his Majesty's government to enter into negotiations for peace with France; that all diplomatic intercourse, therefore, between Great Britain and Austria must be considered as broken off, and that he had the Emperor's commands to send me passports for my departure.

“ In consequence of this communication, I shall remain no longer at Vienna than will be necessary for me to learn how I can quit the Austrian territories, and bring away in safety the cyphers and official correspondence entrusted to my care. I have the honour to be, &c.”

A Tour in Ireland; with Meditations and Reflections. By JAMES JOHNSON, M.D., Physician to the late King, &c. &c.

Ireland must always possess the strongest claims upon the interest and sympathy of England. The feelings associated with her are not those of an ephemeral novelty, but grounded in and on our relative

positions, and therefore existing at all times and under all circumstances. Still, like the ocean, there are tides in these feelings which ebb and flow, and these are now at the flood. In addition to the national importance of Ireland, there is a present struggle in the mental energies of the land, of which we feel the throbs in our own; and the knowledge that an important epoch has arrived in the destiny of our sister isle, naturally and imperatively awakens a new interest as well as keeps alive the old.

Under the influence of these impressions, Dr. Johnson's work comes most opportunely. What has been said of women might better have been said of books, namely, that most of them "have no character at all." Vacuities and fatuities too often torporize and engross the pages of modern tomes, but they are evils attended at least by one modifying good—they make us more highly estimate and value a little honest energy; and this it is which has at once been the stimulant and is the stamp of Dr. Johnson's amusing as well as instructive volume. We know of no author who more powerfully impresses his own character on his writings than our M.D., and this without egotism, since it is simply relating what he had seen as he has seen it, that is, through the medium of his own perceptive faculties. True it is that an impression, though conveying an exact idea of the form from which it has been indented, presents us rather with the material of the conveying medium, and thus Dr. Johnson's work is in reality himself full of the impressions of what he has seen. Happily for us, this individual companionship is most agreeable. The combination of the somewhat anomalous characters of the sailor and physician grafted on to a stock of sufficient originality, produce a most felicitous admixture. Perhaps of all the different classes the nautical man sees most of the world, the medical man the most of its inhabitants. The one surveys the various nations of the earth, their different climates, customs, habits; the other beholds his fellow-creatures when in the extremity of mortal anguish. Hypocrisy drops her many-folded veil, and the heart, too appalled for further deceit and made conscious of its futility, shows, as through a transparency, the million meandering fibres of its own depravity. Dr. Johnson unites in himself the leading features of both these characters: blunt, honest, vigorous and energetic, in the first; contemplative, reflective, and inquiring, in his second; and, as a whole, a sterling and amusing public friend,—a title which ought almost exclusively to belong to authors, since while they are everybody's companions they are still known but to the few.

Dr. Johnson's work, whilst it is multifarious in subject, ought not to be called desultory. He has kept his different material as divided in arrangement as those of his old sea medicine-chests, and all as duly labelled. Thus, as he passes on from theme to theme, the several changes of subject are all indicated by title-heads. His ideas are clearly arranged, no slight merit in an author. It would, of course, be impossible for us to follow him in his tour, which appears to have been the relaxation from professional labours during the last autumn. It is sufficiently amusing for us to contemplate the M.D. as he describes himself, accoutred in his Mackintosh and fur-cap, elbowing his way up the far-famed hill of Tara, amid, as he computes, some three hundred

thousand companions, to swell the train of O'Connell on the place so memorably immortalized in verse, the bard himself becoming a sort of partner in the firm of immortality. A few ruins alone speak the spot where

“ The harp that once in Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hanging mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled.”

But if the echo of harmony has died away, the echo of the Agitator's voice was still to be heard, and we find our author not indeed in search of antiquities, but of modern curiosities, swelling out by his presence the vast train of the monster-meeting. The grave physician of the sailor-king must pardon us the smile that he himself has excited, if at his expense still to our emolument, at beholding him handed over the heads and shoulders of the really kind-hearted children of the Emerald Isle, consigned by one pair of brawny arms to the keeping of another, until finally landed within earshot of that voice which echoes from one extremity of the gem of the ocean to the other; and when, having drank in with thirsty ears the syllabled honey and cayenne of that king of Tara's hill, he was in like manner made consignment of from hand to hand back again over the same sea of heads, until he had regained a friendly soda-water cart, into which having deposited himself, as beforehand bargained for, specified, and contracted, he very comfortably fell asleep upon his laurels at the bottom of that interesting vehicle. As matter of personal adventure all this is really amusing, but it is more than amusing, for while narrating his own progresses with a singular disregard of that self-loving dignity which in ordinary individuals is ever on the alert never to let slip the slightest hint against itself, he supplies us at once with the best description of the great monster meeting which we have met with, and one of the most vigorous passages of his own writing.

In perusing this tour of Dr. Johnson, our critical brains have been very frequently mystified by an expression which we could only puzzle over without in the least degree pretending to understand—“potatoes with the bones in them.” What class of the culinary vegetables these belonged to, we could not for our life devise until we came to the solution—namely, the root so much under-boiled as for the centre to retain nearly its original hardness. We advert to this jocularity, which sounds to us not much unlike a national jest on national misery, because two serious and strange conclusions are deducted from it. The one, that which may well send a pang of pity through the heart; the other, one which, in spite of our author's physical and medical knowledge, we are somewhat inclined to dispute. The first of these is the melancholy consideration that potatoes, whilst they form the main and almost the sole diet of the humbler Irish, are yet only to be so scantily obtained that they are eaten half cooked, for the sole purpose of increasing their indigestibility, that the cravings of hunger may for longer season be kept aloof! Unhappy country! where even the necessities of our corporeal existence must thus receive injury for its succour, and unwholesome food be taken in a form still more unwholesome, simply to delay the return of the ravings of appe-

tite! This painful fact is just that which ought to stimulate every right feeling and influential Englishman, not to sleep peacefully in his bed, or enjoy the luxuries of his own condition, until the necessities of his fellow-subjects and fellow-men in Ireland are, if not remedied, at least mitigated. But Dr. Johnson's second declaration is sadly injurious to that exquisite creature of smiles and fantasies, "Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er," who

"Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

He would refer all those graceful, beautiful, and incomparable feigned existences, the exquisite conceptions of what may be called a nation's imagination, a nation's fancy, for such things are national as well as individual, to the gross creation of indigestion! Ireland and Scotland are both famous for their fanciful superstitions. The Irish eat indigestible, half-raw potatoes: the Scotch diet themselves on indigestible, half-boiled oatmeal: hence the nightmare, which with our M.D. is synonymous with the fay and the fairy of Ireland, and the second-sight and wraith-seeing of Scotland. But no, Dr. Johnson, we refuse to recognise the identity of this vile and monstrous incubus with the exquisite existences of ethereal fancy which people the pellucid lakes and the wood-crowned hills of light-spirited Ireland, or the sterner shapes of mystic power which have chosen their home on the lofty mountains and the lonely heaths of deep-hearted Scotland.

We need scarcely say that we have been well pleased with Dr. Johnson and his work, and we make room for his observations on education and absenteeism. And first for his visit to the Presentation Convent.

"Under the guidance of the amiable and accomplished Miss O'Donnell, who took a large share in the education of the girls, I spent several hours in the Convent, chiefly in the school-rooms, and observed attentively the mode of instruction and its results. The young students varied in age, from six to ten years, more or less, and the system of tuition appeared most excellent. I was present at several examinations, and propounded questions to the girls myself—not without astonishment at the proficiency to which they had attained. They had the history of the Bible, together with all the great events of the Jewish and Christian dispensations, at their fingers' ends—and answered correctly all questions on the leading points of Christian faith, doctrines, and morals, with remarkable clearness and intelligence! They were not embarrassed in the slightest degree by various cross-questions put to them by myself and others, proving that they were not crammed for the purpose of display, but well grounded in the subjects of their study. But their knowledge of geography, astronomy, statistics, &c., surprised me most of all. Over a very large chart of Europe, Miss O'Donnell caused some of her pupils, not more than nine or ten years of age, to trace with a wand, the various kingdoms, states, and cities, together with their population, religion, forms of government, &c., which they pointed out with an accuracy that was almost incredible. In reading, they displayed the same proficiency, as to orthography, grammar, &c. &c.

"Now when we consider that this system of national education is pervading every city, town, and village in Ireland—that it penetrates even into the jail and the poor-house, we may form some anticipation of what 'YOUNG IRELAND' may be in the next generation! I have no hesitation

in averring, that the beggars' brats in the bastilles are now receiving a more efficient and practical education than the children of the highest aristocracy in the three kingdoms! That the fruits of this system will eventuate in a moral—perhaps political revolution, before the end of the present century, I have no doubt. If knowledge be *POWER*—and if primary education be the essential step to the acquisition of knowledge, then let the upper classes of society look out for squalls! I do not wonder that a large portion of them are already alarmed, and that they are endeavouring indirectly to check the progress of national instruction, by clogging it with a creed which they hope the pupils will not swallow. But this is a vain expectation. The tiger, who has once tasted human blood, will never cease his struggles to get more of the crimson beverage; and so it is with the Irish youth. After tasting the fruit of the tree of knowledge, they will never desist from climbing, till every branch of that tree is robbed of its apples. It is allowed that *KNOWLEDGE*, like *LOVE*, is one of the greatest levellers of all distinctions and ranks—and that, like wealth, it begets the desire for more. It is also the great antagonist to error, and the ally, if not the parent of *TRUTH*. All those, therefore, who are interested in the retention or propagation of error, will naturally oppose themselves to national education, as the avenue to knowledge and truth. This class of opponents includes incalculable myriads, open and masked!—The struggle between knowledge and truth, on one side, and ignorance and error, on the other, will be long, though the final issue can hardly be doubtful.

“It is not a little strange that the priests, in Ireland, are more in favour of national education than the parsons. It would seem that the *latter* are so extremely sensitive to the danger of admitting a particle of Popish creed, that they had rather exclude the light of learning altogether, than have it contaminated by the slightest tinge of theological error. The priests are not quite so nice—and are probably wiser in their generation. I do not suppose that they are a whit more favourable to ‘knowledge for the million,’ than their Protestant brethren; but they see that it cannot be prevented, and they are also aware that the diffusion of knowledge among the lower orders of Catholic society in Ireland, will be a powerful means of raising them to a *moral* level with the Protestant population, which has hitherto been far better instructed in the rudiments of learning. I say a *moral* level; for the priests are well convinced that they already have an overwhelming *physical* superiority. The Protestants and their clergy know well this state of things, and hence their jealousy of the spread of information among the Popish population. I firmly believe that this is more frequently the *real* cause of opposition to national schools, than the mere terror of, or hatred to Romish rites and theological tenets. If knowledge tends to illumine the darkness, and dispel the superstitions of Popery, the Protestant clergy in Ireland ought to labour, night and day, in its diffusion. On the other hand, the priests ought, for the same reason, to denounce from the altar, every species and grade of learning among the people, as so many plunges into scepticism and infidelity, as far, at least, as their own creed is concerned. Candour compels me to say, that there appears to be more liberality among the Catholics than the Protestants, in respect to liberty of conscience in religious persuasions; and that the *heresies* of the latter are less frequently reviled and ridiculed than the *superstitions* and *idolatry* of the former. When will the spirit of Christian charity and forbearance, among Christians themselves, supersede that rancorous hatred and intolerance which the different sects evince towards each other! Discordance and dissent are daily on the increase!”

“Absenteeism appears to be, in some respects at least, to Ireland what *POETRY* was to Goldsmith. ‘It found him poor, and helped to keep him

so.' But absenteeism goes farther:—It finds 'Ould Ireland' poor, and leaves it poorer! Poetry made some *returns* to the author of the 'Deserted Village,' for his labour. Absenteeism leaves the labour to the peasant, and takes away the return. It even refuses the labour, except at sixpence per day, *without food*.

"The ABSENTEE is like the prodigal son. He gathers up his patrimony, takes it to foreign lands, and wastes it there too often on harlots and hotels.

"The ABSENTEE says to the ox that drags the plough—as well as to the HIND that guides it—

'Sic vos non vobis, aratra fertis Boves.'

To the sheep, whose fleece he annually shears and carries away, as well as to the shepherd, he jeeringly remarks—

'Sic vos, non vobis, vellera fertis Oves.'

"The philanthropy of the absentee is like that of the philosophic knife-grinder:—it is so universally diffused over the whole human race abroad, that there is nothing left for distribution among his own countrymen at home.

"Absenteeism is like the valve of a pump:—it opens readily when there is anything to be drawn from the well or reservoir; but shuts close when anything is likely to retrograde.

"Absenteeism is exhibited by all nations—by none more conspicuously than by England herself; but, for very obvious reasons, and more especially because Ireland is almost wholly agricultural, the baleful effects of absenteeism are more marked there than in England. In such a country, the absence of the proprietor, and consequently the expenditure of his income in foreign climes, is, as nearly as possible, equivalent to the withholding of manure from the soil. But there are two classes of absentees from all countries, and especially from Ireland—those who migrate to spend—and those who wander abroad to acquire money. Between Ireland and Scotland there is a striking difference in these respects;—the rich absentees from the latter country spend as little as possible of their property beyond the confines of their own land—the Irish are just the reverse. The Scottish wanderer, in search of wealth, always remembers poor 'Auld Scotland,' and, if possible, returns to end his days there, with all the property he may have accumulated abroad. The Irish rarely return to the land of their nativity, but spend what they may have acquired far from the Emerald Isle, of which they talk so much! We must, however, exempt from these the poor Irish labourer, who goes over annually to England or Scotland, for a few weeks, to earn, by hard work, a guinea or two, which he saves for the use of his family on his return to his native place.

"The absentee landlord alleges as the *cause* of his expatriation, the discontent, disaffection, and wretchedness of his tenantry and the country in general. But these melancholy circumstances themselves must be the *effects* of some antecedent cause or causes. And is not the absenteeism one of the chief causes? This link in the chain of causation, the landlord takes care to slur over, and overlays or conceals it by harping on the priesthood, O'Connell, agitation, native indolence, or even some fatal curse hanging over the land from which he derives his income.

"Whether laws can be framed that will, at one and the same time, protect the rights and *enforce* the duties of property, this deponent saith not; but, it requires not the gift of prophesy to foretel that, if these rights be *enforced*, and these duties *neglected*, a time may come when the might of the many will overcome the rights of the few—and then, when too late, the *latter* will find themselves in the wrong! The laws divine have not been able to restrain, or, at all events, to extirpate vice; and so human laws are not likely to effect universal justice. But as it is to the law of

CRUMENA that we owe most of our grievances, so it is by the same law that many of them are redressed. When an absentee's *purse* is threatened with emptiness, it is then, and then only, that his heart will be likely to overflow with humanity.

"It is not a little remarkable, that such a man as Macculloch could persuade himself, and what is still more strange, persuade a Commons' committee, that the Irish landlord, who draws ten thousand a-year from estates in Ireland, to be spent in France or Italy, does no injury whatever to his native country. Now, if Mr. Macculloch declared that he had gone one fine morning by the mail-train to the moon, and returned in the evening, I would believe his ipse dixit much more readily than his dogma about absenteeism. Mr. Wiggins, after thirty years' experience as a land-agent in Ireland, is of a very different opinion. 'But are we to consider as nothing the difference to the rural population, between a rental of 10,000*l.* a-year being spent on the spot which produces it, and being sent to England or to Italy? Can we shut our eyes to the moral deprivations which society *on that spot* endures by the desertion of its natural patron and protector—or be insensible even to the monetary difference, to that spot, at least, between this 10,000*l.* being sent at once away from it for ever, and its returning to be distributed amongst the miller, the butcher, the clothier, the shoemaker, the shopkeeper, the carpenter, the mason, the smith, the labourer, and others, *each* of these, again, forming a nucleus for its distribution amongst all the rest? so that these 10,000*l.* spent amongst those who raised it, circulates not less than ten times amongst them, each circulation producing some profit, occasioning some industry, and, superior even to charity, is not only twice, but ten times blessed.'

"No one, indeed, could doubt the truth of these observations, except the politico-economical mole, who has dived so deep into his own *occult* science, that all objects are to him of the same size, colour, and consistence!

"There is one, and only one glimmering of sunshine on this sombre prospect, as it at present exists—and that is dim and remote. It is this, that when the present absentee landlords have become pauperized by the division of property, the result of their own extravagance, mortgages, fore-closings, and sale of their lands, to others, &c. &c., the soil may pass into the hands of men more wise, prudent, and patriotic, who may find it their interest to live on their own estates, improve the land, and ameliorate the condition of their tenants. Alas! this prospect is far removed; but it is gradually drawing nearer, should no other mode of relief be applied. It is in these recuperative operations, that we see the wisdom of those laws which the Creator has framed for the government of human affairs. Evils have an invariable tendency, however slow, to correct themselves, by attracting the attention of mankind towards them, when they become prominent—by drawing retributive justice, sooner or later, on the footsteps of crime—and exciting a reaction in all honest minds against 'the whips and scorns of time—the oppressor's wrongs—the proud man's contumely.'"

Companion to the most celebrated Private Galleries of Art in London, containing accurate catalogues, arranged alphabetically for immediate reference, each preceded by an Historical and Critical Introduction, with a prefatory Essay on Art, Artists, Collectors, and Connoisseurs. By MRS. JAMESON.

It has long been at once the complaint and the disgrace of England that the noble Art of Painting has been suffered to languish for want of

a cherishing and fostering care. In most of the other countries of Europe the governments exercise this paternal nurture : with ourselves, its prosperity has been suffered to depend on fashion, caprice, and individual exertion. It is true, indeed, that the Arts receive their form and mould, their aspect and impression, from the peculiar character of the people among whom they are cultivated ; and thus it is that there is a something distinctive in every school independently of those minor distinctions which particularize the individual masters. The thriving of the Arts must also be considered as indicating the intellectuality and prosperity of the people ; and thus as an indication of the welfare of nations, it is in the highest degree interesting and important to contemplate the tone of energy or depression which their existence manifests.

At the present moment a feeling of pride mingles with the pleasure with which we contemplate the improved condition of the noble Art in England. The energy of commerce, the science of manufactures, and the intense struggle for political aggrandizement and the accumulation of wealth, may for a time have kept the imaginative and creative Art below the position of its natural superiority. Instead, however, of the fierce contention for pre-eminence which has made society resemble a gladiatorial strife, we could almost believe that the various elements of our national greatness, now that they have assumed the dignity of their own maturity, are falling into the harmony of just proportions, and that, instead of any individual one endeavouring to establish its own pre-eminence by subduing another, strength and dignity will be derived from a happy coalition. The most delightful feature in this alliance in the components of our national prosperity is the improving prosperity of painting. No longer confined to exclusive and individual patronage, the whole country appears to be gradually warming with love to the Art. Ignorance of pictures and their painters would now be deemed savouring of the Goth and Vandal ; and even where individuals are not imbued with the love of the beautiful, (the love of painting is nothing else and nothing less) they are, for self-defence of their own taste, obliged, if not to assume the semblance, at least to acquire a knowledge on the subject, to enable them to pass current in general society.

Mrs. Jameson's "*Companion to the Private Galleries of Art in London*" has led us into these reflections. The book must not be looked upon as a passing pleasure, or a mere useful nomenclature ; on the contrary, it is a rich and valuable view of the art, a refined expositor of its more exquisite peculiarities, a sort of sentence of judgment, from which we desire no appeal, on the merits and demerits of that noble assemblage of Art which the taste and the wealth of our metropolis has accumulated within its boundaries. The work does indeed inspire important considerations. It shows us our pictorial wealth, and it teaches us to estimate it aright. We do not possess a faculty which more requires cultivation and rectification than that of taste. It is impossible that this exquisite attribute of our senses should dominate either in the individual or the nation, whilst that which is gross and mercenary prevails. Hence, not only for the sake of its own value, but as a national indication, we would press, and that most urgently, on its importance. Mrs.

Jameson's work ought indeed to be our "Companion." We should be wise in making it not only a book of reference, but one of study. Her knowledge of the art and her perception of the beautiful are unrivalled. Her tenderness of feeling and her grace of diction render her the most engaging of "Companions." There is an eastern saying, that we cannot pass through a garden of roses without imbibing something of its fragrance; and sure we are that we cannot peruse Mrs. Jameson's writings without imbibing something of her taste.

Walks about the City and Environs of Jerusalem. By W. H. BARTLETT.

If we were to contemplate all the kingdoms of the earth and all the glory of them, recall all their old associations, realize every scene of which they have been the witness, consider them as the great theatres in which the world's history has been enacted, and individualize to our thoughts the men whose renown has given honour to their birth-place, Jerusalem would still retain its own immeasurable pre-eminence of interest, since the footsteps of the Messiah trod its pathways, since his eye rested on the hills around it, since he wandered with his disciples amidst its gardens and its valleys, and, more than all, since in the close vicinity of its boundaries that great sacrifice which eternal mercy offered to eternal justice was consummated on the cross. The believer in Revelation cannot indeed hear the name of the Holy City without its memories rising up around him in rich and reverential association.

With this feeling, a work devoted exclusively to the delineation of Jerusalem could not, if only worthily executed, fail to receive a welcome.

The ideas which accompany our reference to the sacred locality are naturally indistinct, vague, and unsatisfactory: to exchange them for tangible and clear perceptions and realizations, enabling us to embody the scenes where David strung his harp-strings to songs the strains of which echo in unceasing melody of repetition in the daily devotions of Christendom—the scenes where Solomon, the wisest of the wise, after building the magnificent temple, stood at the august ceremony of its consecration with outstretched arms, blessing, with prayers that, while ascending to heaven, proved themselves also first to have descended therefrom, the vast assemblage of the favoured and peculiar people—to raise in the mind, we say, not only the remembrance of these events, but a just idea of the place where they were accomplished, was doing good service to the world, and making literature perform one of its most valuable offices. Mr. Bartlett visited Jerusalem in the autumn of 1842. While in the Holy City, he divided it into portions, which he traversed and investigated, and, retaining this arrangement in his work, he has denominated these excursions "Walks." Previously, however, to these personal visitations, our author has given us a brief summary of the history of ancient Jerusalem, accompanied by a view realizing, as far as possible, the information gathered from every variety of source,

and preparing the reader for a better and fuller comprehension of his descriptions of the new, which are also accompanied by illustrative views which well embody its modern aspects. The author seems to have approached Jerusalem in that spirit of poetic and pious zeal which, while it seemed a response to the power of the Holy City, and the reflection of its glory upon his own mind, at once fitted him for entering on its description, and proved him to be capable of his elevated task. The glow of enthusiasm reflected on his own imagination has imparted something of its energy to his pen; and the result has been, not a dry catalogue of antiquities, but a heart-warm description of the various spots not only consecrated by the presence of prophets, priests, and kings, but rendered a thousand-fold more holy by the actual presence of the Emmanuel. Doubtless Jerusalem in interest is alone in the world.

As a pleasing variety in our literature, as treating a subject unsurpassed in human interest, as connected with our holiest studies, and as being eminently useful and highly agreeable—on all these accounts we commend this externally tasteful and internally valuable volume to every class of readers, since it belongs not to a partial few, but to the general public.

We give our author's impressions on his approach to and first view of Jerusalem.

“Notwithstanding our fatigue, and the inviting nature of our quarters, we found it impossible to sleep. We were but three hours' distance from Jerusalem. Rising at midnight, we pursued our way by the light of the innumerable stars—glorious in the blue depth of an Asian sky. Not a sound was heard but the tramp of our horses' hoofs upon the rocky pathway. The outlines of the hilly region we were travelling were dim and indistinct; far grander than they would have appeared by the light of day. We came to a tremendous descent, long and slippery, over slabs of rock, and deep gullies worn by the winter rains. With many a slide, and narrow escape from falling headlong, we reached the bottom of the valley in safety, where we found caravans of camels and asses, with their guides asleep by the wayside, waiting for the morning light to enter the city gates. We pursued our way—an hour yet remained—that hour was one of strange and indescribable excitement. I had seen, by moonlight, the time-hallowed glories of the old world, and the wonders of nature in the new;—I had stood alone, at that hour, within the awful circle of the Coliseum;—had watched the lunar rainbow spanning the eternal mists rising from the base of Niagara;—but this night's march across the desolate hills of Judea awoke a more sublime, more thrilling interest. I was approaching the walls of that city (the scene of events which must ever remain the most touching in their influences upon the human heart) which I had long and earnestly hoped to see, and my wish was about to be realized. As the stars began to fade from the heavens, and the dawn to break over the eastern mountains, I sought to pierce the gloom which wrapped the silent region around; but nothing could be distinguished. It was not till the first red glow of morning glanced upon the eastward hill-tops, that I caught sight of the city. But there was nothing grand or striking in the vision—a line of dull walls, a group of massive towers, a few dark olives, rising from a dead and sterile plain; yet, enough that this was Jerusalem—the Holy City: her mournful aspect well suits with the train of recollections she awakens.

“We had to wait some time outside the Jaffa gate before admittance

could be obtained, and not a sound was heard when we entered the silent streets. Within, the city is as dull as without; ruinous heaps and mean houses meet the eye as we enter. The stern Tower of Hippicus is on our right—a noble wreck of the past; a narrow gloomy street conducted us to the highest part of the city, where we had some difficulty in finding the British Consulate, to which we repaired, in hope of meeting an old school friend, Mr. Johns, who held the appointment in the absence of Mr. Young, and who was the architect of the new church on Mount Zion, connected with the Episcopal mission. We met with a warm and cordial reception, and it was arranged that during the day I should partake of his hospitality, and at night repair to a cell in the Latin convent, with which I had every reason to be satisfied, as, after the late watches in open boats and elsewhere, a clean bed was no small luxury. The Latin convent is, next to the Armenian, the best resting-place in Jerusalem, and, as most travellers remain there, I shall, in my future excursions, always start from its well-known locality.

“After mutual greetings over a good breakfast, we laid down our plan of operations; and Mr. J. was already familiar with every part of the city and its environs, which we repeatedly visited together. The first object was to make the circuit of the walls, and looking out of the casement I perceived that we were close upon them: they exactly resemble the walls of York and other ancient cities in our country, having steps, at intervals, leading up to the battlemented breastwork; these we ascended just at the western extremity of the city, whence the wall gradually descends—Acra, towards Bezetha. The morning was very favourable—gray and cloudy; the light and shade swept fitfully over the city and hills—sad, stony, and sterile, dotted with a few dark olives, bringing out successively into strong relief every point of its remarkable topography. We were looking down upon the high rocky plain, N. W. of the city, where, from the earliest time, so many armies have ranged their standards against her: the Assyrian, Roman, Persian, and the toil-worn Crusaders, with their heroic leader, Godfrey of Bouillon.

“As we reach the N. E. angle of the wall, the view over the interior of the city is very striking. All the localities of scripture come in sight. That platform with the noble mosque once sustained the temple of Solomon; beyond is the proud height of Zion; nearer is Calvary. Deep beneath the whole length of the city-wall, the valley of the Kidron unrolls her memorable scenery, sacred to holier associations than those of warring hosts, animated as they were by lofty enthusiasm. That dark plot of olives in the cleft of the glen is Gethsemane—above rises the Mount of Olives. The eye wanders from point to point, and it is some time before the mind is able to conceive, that in sober certainty the scene of so many wonderful events is spread around—that below are the very paths trodden by Jesus of Nazareth—the very shades to which he retired for communion with God, and whence he was dragged to crucifixion upon the dome-covered mount, which seems as if we can almost touch it.

O'Sullivan, the Bandit Chief. A Legend of Killarney. In Six Cantos. By Viscount MASSERBENE and FERRARD.

The power of versification and command of language evidenced in this poem, make it difficult for us to believe it a first production. Those defects of style usually apparent in first essays, are but little if at all observable. The flow of diction is smooth and equal, never degenerating into the puerile. On the other hand, we think that our

author has availed himself somewhat too largely of the license which poets seem to consider themselves entitled to, of leading their readers through visions of mist and vapour, in which they can discover nothing tangible: in which the objects are wrapped in obscurity, the path undiscernible, and whither the way may be leading altogether undiscoverable. Still, through these mystic regions glimpses of dimly seen objects arise around, claiming the good offices of the ideal to perfect their shape and colouring. Perhaps a certain degree of mistiness is the allowable concomitant of poesy, because mystery is the provocative of interest and curiosity. The imagination is excited by a thin veil, whilst a thick one, by its obscurity, shuts out those glimpses which are necessary to its awakening. We do not say that our author has thrown too deep a shadow over the action of his poem, though we think that he has reached the brink of danger. A little Byronian sarcastic vivacity ushers in and contrasts well with his *Legendary Tale*, which reminds us strongly of the captivating metres of Scott. The Viscount Massereene has evidently overcome all the drudgery of versification: his diction is smooth, easy, flowing. Henceforth his wanderings with the Muses will be unshackled, and we doubt not that we shall meet him again harping his agreeable minstrelsies. Meanwhile, we make room for a couple of energetic stanzas, that will at once make our readers acquainted with his style, and waken a few chords of that "Memory" which he apostrophises.

" O Memory ! thou of foes the worst—
 To mortal mind, of friends the best—
 How oft thy potent spell hath burst
 With magic force the spirit's rest,
 And the fell fiend regret hath nursed
 With noxious venom from thy breast.
 And if his writhing victim durst
 Fly to the future to be blest,
 Still will thy phantom, doubly cursed,
 His soul of yearned-for joy divest ;
 Still will it wing o'er scenes when erst
 On penitence pain reared her crest,
 Till follies past by thee rehearsed
 With o'erstrained force, and hellish zest,
 May drive the overgoaded soul
 Beyond e'en reason's blest controul.

And yet thou art the best of friends,
 Dear memory, thou whose piercing ray
 Will shoot where darkest grief extends,
 Where hope lies prostrate 'neath her sway.
 Yes, sorrow for a while will stay
 Her blighting hand whilst thou art near,
 And joy will beam as sunbeams play
 Where snow eternal rules the year.
 And memory such dost thou appear
 To him who here in vacant gaze
 O'erlooks dark heaven's indignant blaze,
 And but discerns thy placid star,
 Which o'er wide seas of thought from far

Shoots its all-varying ray, that thought
 To scenes his childhood loved is brought—
 That thought rolls backward to the time
 When cautious law he dared to break
 And tempt the dangers of the lake,
 When some proud forest chief he'd climb
 In wayward sportiveness, and hide
 From monkish task with chieftain's pride."

The Wilfulness of Women. By the Authoress of the "History of a Flirt."

Talents are not only variously distributed throughout the world, but their operation is diversified and manifold. In one individual their exercise goes on to their manifest improvement, and what at first might appear as a crude effort, does but lead the way to results of perfected powers and completed execution. In another, probably setting out at first with a like equality of ability, some energetic impulse impels the fullest exercise of the inherent capability. A subject is taken up *con amore*, is treated with all the advantage of concentrated interest and affection, and thus the first work is eminently the best. Second impellents seldom possess the potency of a first spell. To effect even a like operation they must be endowed with stronger power than their predecessor, while naturally and almost invariably they are of tamer and more abated vitality. Then it is, that of these two classes, the first go on progressing towards the fulness of their own powers, the second, reaching at once their zenith, are perforce compelled to decline from their own meridian.

We think that the authoress, whose work is now before us, though endowed with excellent abilities, belongs to this latter class. Her first work remains decidedly the best. The freshness of her feelings and her talents were expended on it, and her subsequent works, though not without many of the rich ears of the harvest, partake also of the nature of the gleanings. And yet there is one grand distinction between works of fiction, the line of demarcation between the idle and the useful, the separation of the empty chaff and the golden grain, which ought never to be overlooked or undervalued. Those who write for the high and worthy purpose of elevating the moral character, and inspiring a love of virtue in those who converse with them in their books, deserve a careful separation from others who write for mere amusement, and never look beyond the beguiling of the passing hour. We need scarcely say that the authoress whose work we are considering belongs most distinctly to the former class. It is a worthy and an honourable distinction. Nevertheless we must be unbiassed and impartial in our criticism. "The Wilfulness of Women" is not a failure, but it is not equal to the standard of talent erected by its own authoress as a measurement of its merits. This her last effort is not equal to her first.

Perhaps the primary reason why our authoress has not here equalled herself we have already intimated. The work has evidently been

written more as a labour than a pleasure. A constant effort (true, a rightly-intentioned one) is apparent throughout, an effort to instil morality. In the *Flirt*, the moral was left to be drawn by ourselves, left to be a voluntary deduction, suggested, indeed, but not forced upon us through the medium of a lively and agreeable narrative : in the "*Wilfulness of Women*," the preaching is not the sum total but the separate items of every page. Not content with a final impression on virtue's side, the whole three volumes are occupied less by a narrative than by what ought to have been its deduction. We confess that we think this somewhat mistaking the end for the means, and, as we fear, somewhat defeating the end by the means. Though we look for and honour the moral lesson, it is requisite that it should be conveyed through the medium of an agreeable fiction. The faults of her narrative are in a great measure consequent upon this jumping at conclusions. Thus at its commencement we are introduced to a lady, eminently pious, with a daughter and niece, whom she has educated in perfect companionship, the one being all docile perfection, the latter all scoffing rebellion. We do not indeed say that education can always touch the heart, but it can always, to a great extent, modify the manners, and Miss Erskine is as flippant as though she had never heard of the sacredness of sacred things. Had she been the nursling of a green-room, she could scarcely have manifested more irreverence of manner. The feeling might not be inconsistent with the strictest training, but its manifestation is certainly wholly out of keeping in the society in which Miss Erskine is placed. So, too, is the permission or toleration of her choice in the matrimonial line. Captain Trelawny could hardly have been suffered in the strict circle in which we find him. Our authoress appears to have become sensible of the incongruity of the aunt, Mrs. Harrington, resting quiescent in her niece forming this engagement, and she has therefore concocted an elopement, but this was an unnecessary measure when the arrangement matrimonial was already permitted, and by no means obviates the objection. Generally speaking, the division of the interest of a narrative between two heroines neutralizes that in both, and though old-fashioned example not unfrequently set up a contrast between the good and the bad, the right and the wrong, yet is very skilful management requisite to create and sustain these opposing interests. The cousins in this tale are the co-partner and yet rival heroines, though as a pattern lady we must needs say that the immaculate Sydney is grievously dissipated and unfeelingly unkind to her paragon husband during their season in town. Another difficulty, and almost an insurmountable one, has our authoress created for herself ; she has married her heroines in the early part of their history. Who does not know that love is the great event in a woman's life, the great event in poetry, the great event in fiction ? Thus all narratives have their *denouement* either in the church or its grave-yard—living happiness or despairing death have been the consummation of love from time immemorial. When, therefore, the heroines of a tale of fiction arrive at the great event of their life, the winding up of their history, in the early pages of that history, great must be an author's ingenuity in finding an interest strong enough to supersede it. The vapid idlenesses of fashion-

able life, the details of criminal connexions, with their awful results of woe and death, the tracing out the influence of a low and degrading vice, these are not agreeable substitutes for a narrative that ought to progress in interest to its crowning catastrophe. Love of the good is more effectively inspired and upheld by portraiture of its loveliness, than is hatred of evil by our being familiarised with its coarseness. Purity of sentiment and freshness of feeling attach us more to virtue, by presenting us with new aspects of its loveliness, sweet incitements to its companionship, than do repulsive portraiture of evil deter us from its acquaintance—an acquaintance which in truth they may sometimes be concocting. We will not dwell upon lighter objections, though we may notice *en passant* a want of refinement in the badinage of some of the ladies, and now and then a few “mouth-filling” words from the lips of a gentleman. But, after all, the work has talent and morality, and though not equal to its own author’s former work, is yet superior to nine hundred and ninety-nine out of the thousand of those of others.

For the honour of English gentlemen, we hope that if Captain Trelawney, in the following extract, is like any one individual in the three kingdoms, and all the colonies, he may at least be like none other. We doubt, however, whether Christendom itself could furnish one such heathen. Be it premised, that as the highest exercise of her powerful prerogative, his ladye love has willed and decreed that he should attend her to church—a place, the interior of which he had never before beheld.

“Captain Trelawney submitted to his fate with all the composure his character enabled him to assume, and he prepared to follow the triumphant Harriet Erskine to church on the sabbath, which was set apart to give testimony of her power over the man who was ‘no Methodist, like poor Edward Monteith.’ Yet her heart was uneasy, and her manner anxious.

“‘Now, dear Trelawney, behave properly, and pray take off your hat when we enter the church. Don’t alarm me with any of your tricks, you dear, mad creature; you know how particular my aunt is.’

“‘I will put on my travelling-cap, and then I need not unbonnet,’ observed Captain Trelawney, with an affected simplicity of tone and manner, which raised a laugh on the part of the thoughtless Harriet.

“‘No, no, Trelawney, don’t be so mad. Just this once—only this once—accompany me to church steadily, and you shall have *carte blanche* for the remainder of your life. Do not appear indifferent and play mad tricks, for my aunt’s eyes and Sydney’s attention will be directed towards you. I hear my aunt in the hall.’

“Mrs. Harrington appeared surprised and pleased by the novel arrangement which included Captain Trelawney in her party, but she offered no remark. Her manners became, perhaps unconsciously, more courteous towards him, and she silently accepted his arm in the short walk which led to the parish church.

“Sydney Harrington joined the party as they quitted the hall-door, but her thoughts were too engrossed to remember her cousin’s determination, or to observe the triumphant sparkling of her eye. Sydney scarcely remarked that a fourth person composed the group, and that the stranger was Captain Trelawney.

“Miss Erskine became abashed at perceiving her lover’s total want of propriety—his absence of even the common forms of decency in the hal-
lowed sanctuary.

"Captain Trelawney seated himself with perfect nonchalance upon his entrance into the pew, and gazed through his eye-glass at the female faces which surrounded it. Twice he resumed his hat, and twice Miss Erskine removed it in terror.

"Captain Trelawney attempted a low whistle in an accompaniment to the simple strain of village psalmody, which the beseeching eyes of Harriet Erskine deprecated as she glanced alternately from his face to the calmly offended expression of her aunt's countenance.

"Harriet Erskine repented her rash and inefficient triumph already. It was misery to sit watching, and fearing lest her aunt's reluctance in receiving Captain Trelawney as her lover should increase. How could he play off his dear mad pranks before eyes so precise, and minds so well known as 'dreadfully serious?' What would Sydney say, though her attention *was* engrossed in her prayer-book? Some people had a thousand mental eyes, and even *one* was too observant; if that eye was near poor dear Trelawney! He was always considered full of levity, when his spirits were only wild with youth and happiness.

"There was infinite distress in Miss Erskine's mind, as Captain Trelawney proceeded in his 'dear mad pranks.' During the portion of time dedicated to the sermon, he was engaged in sketching a caricature likeness of the rector upon a card; and when the portrait was sufficiently filled up, a deep sleep seized him, which evidenced itself by heavy breathing and sudden starts.

"Captain Trelawney could not have injured himself more effectively in Mrs. Harrington's opinion, or given deeper affliction to the heart which fondly idolized him.

"Yet it was not sorrow for a hardened and impenitent heart which destroyed the quiet of Harriet Erskine. She did not mourn over the total absence of religious feelings in her future husband, or enter into arguments with her own reason, upon the effect such callousness of mind might produce upon her own future peace. But she *did* hope Trelawney would have concealed his indifference from her aunt's penetration. She *did* hope he would have assumed propriety before Sydney for her sake.

"Thank heaven! Trelawney was no Methodist, but he need not have looked like a heathen; and it was provoking beyond endurance to move in that mad way, for if her aunt Harrington's eyes sought another resting-place, her sense of hearing was acute, and it would subject her to a thousand lectures. She would receive endless entreaties to break off her engagement, and that she would never consent to do. Her heart was Trelawney's, and her fortune should be his also, in spite of a thousand aunt Harringtons; but the dear madcap was certainly, to say the least of it, extremely foolish. It proved him so thoughtless, too, about herself; he might be sure her feelings were extremely wounded, only, dear fellow, he had not yet put on his 'considering cap,' but all would right itself in time, where a warm heart was so devoted. There was nothing she could not do with John Trelawney.

"'What a lot of plain girls you have in your parish, my dear Mrs. Harrington,' remarked Captain Trelawney aloud, as the party quitted their pew. 'I never saw such a row of ungentle noses at a glance before, and the rector's face is a subject for Hogarth.'

"Miss Erskine gave her lover an eye glance, which took some effect, and silenced the young officer till they had traversed the churchyard, which decorated the Studleigh grounds. He then placed the card upon which the likeness was sketched in Miss Erskine's hand.

"'Do you know such a person?' he asked, in his peculiar and somewhat effeminate tones.

"Miss Erskine laughed as she examined the drawing with a pleased expression of admiration and pride, which induced her to exhibit it to her aunt in reckless confidence.

“ ‘Did you ever see a more talented creature, Aunt Harrington? Is not the sketch a clever and spirited portrait? Oh, look at the dear doctor’s long, sharp nose, I beseech you, and that paragon of a chin. My dear Trelawney, where did you acquire such multifarious talents?’

“ ‘It is a portrait, Captain Trelawney,’ observed Mrs. Harrington, mildly; ‘but surely, my dear sir, the place and the occasion was most unsuited to the amusement.’

“ ‘What could I do, my dear Mrs. Harrington?’

“ ‘You were in the house of prayer, not in your painting-room, Captain Trelawney.’

“ ‘My dear madam, Harriet insisted upon my attending parade, or I should not have presented myself. I was quite unprepared for such noses as I saw in rows beyond your pew. Winchester is celebrated among us for plain girls, which makes it alarmingly unpleasant quarters; but you boast quite as rueful a turn-out at Studleigh.’”

Palm Leaves. By RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

So much of the light, the idle, the meretricious, is imposed upon the world in the garb of rhyme and under the name of poetry, that when that which is sterling and intrinsically valuable is really found, the pleasure is in no slight degree enhanced by the surprise. In this little volume of “*Palm Leaves*” we have found not only genuine poetic feeling, but a highly contemplative strain of mind, and much of a pure and elevated philosophy. Were we disposed to be strictly critical on a work of real merit, we should say that the imaginary conjunction of the Mahomedan and the Christian, which writing in the character of the one and feeling in the character of the other, virtually amounts to, while it may, and doubtless has, elevated the sentiment of the poetry, has yet accomplished that result at some expense of consistency. We believe that annotators frequently invest the views of those they are assuming to explain and illustrate with all the treasures of their own minds, often throwing into sentences which originally had either a different or a lower meaning all the rich expansiveness of their own intellects, all the fruitfulness of their own imaginations. Looking on Mahomet as an uninspired man, whose natural shrewdness enabled him to concoct a creed perfectly well adapted to the natural heart, and not, like revealed religion, requiring the subduing of its passions and the abandonment of its cravings; and holding, as we do, that creeds are not the soulless things to which graceless zealots alone attach importance, we quite believe that the impostor Prophet’s teachings have been far over-stepped in their meanings, and over-travelled by the minds of his disciples, in whom honesty of purpose may have often acted as the unconscious rectification of admitted error. Like all great and successful impostures on the world, Mahomedanism is the cunning mingling of truth and falsehood. Truth borrowed from revelation the falsehood, a cunningly devised fable. Successful deception is almost invariably the truth perverted, since the world would not, with all its credulity, receive an entire invention. Confining ourselves simply to our author, we feel that he has not been able to restrain the graces of Christianity from flowing into his poetical Mahomedanism; doubtless these

‘Palm Leaves’ are imbued with a loftier spirit and a higher refinement from the impregnation. At the same time we think there is something of a deficiency in the exornations of the imagery, some lack of the peculiarly figurative and highly metaphorical cast of Eastern diction. A chaste simplicity has taken the place of the gorgeous grandiloquence which usually clothes the Moslem phraseology, the prose of which is often poetry. A more copious use of metaphorical illustration, while however it might have been more in keeping with the character of the localities, would only have been an exchange of merits; the present tone of the poetry is as chaste in execution, as most of its subjects are elevated in conception, and the whole volume deserves to be called *Poetry*.

We think that much of beauty, but, as we have intimated, more of Christianity than Mahomedanism will be found in the following.

“THE SAYINGS OF RABIA.

“A pious friend one day of Rabia asked,
How she had learnt the truth of Allah wholly?
By what instructions was her memory tasked—
How was her heart estranged from this world’s folly?

She answered—‘Thou, who knowest God in parts,
Thy spirit’s moods and processes can tell;
I only know that in my heart of hearts
I have despised myself and loved Him well.’

Some evil upon Rabia fell,
And one who loved and knew her well
Murmured that God with pain undue
Should strike a child so fond and true:
But she replied—‘Believe and trust
That all I suffer is most just;
I had in contemplation striven
To realise the joys of heaven;
I had extended fancy’s flights
Through all that region of delights,—
Had counted, till the numbers failed,
The pleasures on the blest entailed,—
Had sounded the ecstatic rest
I should enjoy on Allah’s breast;
And for those thoughts I now atone
That were of something of my own,
And were not thoughts of Him alone.’

When Rabia unto Mekkeh came,
She stood awhile apart—alone,
Nor joined the crowd with hearts on flame
Collected round the sacred stone.

She, like the rest, with toil had crossed
The waves of water, rock, and sand,
And now, as one long tempest-tossed,
Beheld the Kaabeh’s promised land.

Yet in her eyes no transport glistened;
She seemed with shame and sorrow bowed;
The shouts of prayer she hardly listened,
But beat her heart and cried aloud:—

'O heart! weak follower of the weak,
That thou should'st traverse land and sea,
In this far place that God to seek
Who long ago had come to thee!'

Round holy Rabia's suffering bed
The wise men gathered, gazing gravely—
'Daughter of God!' the youngest said,
Endure thy Father's chastening bravely;
They who have steeped their souls in prayer
Can every anguish calmly bear.'

She answered not, and turned aside,
Though not reproachfully nor sadly;
'Daughter of God!' the eldest cried,
'Sustain thy Father's chastening gladly,
They who have learnt to pray aright,
From pain's dark well draw up delight.'

Then she spoke out,—'Your words are fair;
But, oh! the truth lies deeper still;
I know not, when absorbed in prayer,
Pleasure or pain, or good or ill;
They who God's face can understand
Feel not the motions of His hand.'

Perhaps we may be the wiser for culling a few poetical proverbs.

"Be it your unerring rule,
Ne'er to contradict a fool;
For if folly dare but brave you,
All your wisdom cannot save you.

If God no better neighbour were
Than you to me and I to you,
How little credit should we share,
Who now have all and more than due!

For what am I most thankful when at prayer?
That Allah parts our knowledge and our woes;
Would not each patient speedily despair
Knew he his ill as the physician knows?

On the immovable enduring land
The tide of passion vents its rage in vain;
With pearls of poesy it sows the strand,—
And this for life is surely glorious gain.

All who have striven to earn a hero's fame,
Must with delight a hero praise and name;
He who the heats and chills of life has known,
Can feel the worth of man, and he alone.

Writing, rhyming, night and day!
That this displeases me is true:
Who drive the poetry away
From our poor earth? You, poets, you!"

Not our poet however.

Arthur O'Leary: his Wanderings and Ponderings in Many Lands
 Edited by his friend HARRY LORREQUER, and Illustrated by GEORGE
 CRUIKSHANKS.

Mr. Lever is one of the established authors of the day. All that he writes is sure to be read, and read favourably. The world has formed its opinion of his merits, and henceforth he is sure of a good reception. That in thus according to him an honourable reputation no more than fair justice has been done, we have before now borne our testimony, and contributed our suffrages to the general laudations. His talents are of no common order. In his own peculiar walk of literature he stands unrivalled. His humour, his spirit, his fun and frolic, are all essentially his own. They are neither borrowed nor can they be imparted. Hitherto his works have had his own peculiar stamp upon them. Minted in his brain they bore the impress of their authorship. Their spirit was genuine, undiluted, unmixed. But the question now is, whether "Arthur O'Leary" will sustain the rank and style and title of his predecessors?

It is dangerous in the highest degree for a successful author to leave the peculiar road which has conducted him to eminence, lured away by any novelty of attraction. It is a rare thing, so rare as only to be accomplished by one in many thousands, for individuals in any walk of life, to attain great eminence. Having had the good fortune of successful merit, (for there are many with great merit that have not such good fortune,) he is unwise to hazard his popularity by a new adventure, more especially when he remembers that credit is seldom won, almost never, twofold by one and the same individual. "Harry Lorrequer," "Charles O'Mally," "Tom Burke," were all most happy accomplishments. The world was well pleased with them, and we cannot wholly commend our author for a departure from his own safe and cheerful track.

Arthur O'Leary, then, is in a great measure unlike his predecessors. Less rich in comic power, less full of adventure. Had we not been conversant with Mr. Lever's former works, we should have been well pleased and satisfied with the present one, but being so we are not wholly contented. It seems somewhat unnatural to us that our mirth-moving friend should spend his talents on a hand-book, though that hand-book be better than every other. Not that Harry Lorrequer could ever lay aside his point and pleasantry, his wit and raillery. These certainly enliven and illumine his line of travel, and some of his happiest tales intersperse his volumes. Nevertheless, that continuous train of humorous and yet powerful recital which carries us through his former works is lacking in the present one. Our interest in his hero is deficient and subordinate, and we feel that he is rather the courier to lead us from place to place, than the friend whose society delights and cheers. The absence of personal interest in the chief personage of a fiction is always an irreparable drawback. The most brilliant episodes cannot supply the omission, and thus it is that the society of Arthur O'Leary affords us less pleasure than that of his predecessors.

Still Mr. Lever would find it a difficulty, which we doubt if he could accomplish, to write a work that could not please and amuse. Cer-

tainly, he has not done so this time; though, measuring it by his own self-furnished standard of merit, we are bound to say that he comes short of the mark. His episodes are as piquant and amusing as ever, and from one of these we select a portion, merely premising that mine host of the inn, at whose table the gallant colonel we are about to introduce was to dine, had provided an entertainment under the anticipation that he was catering sufficient for a whole regiment. The farce of the knavish trickery practised upon the victim is highly curious.

"The hour of dinner arrived at last, and the colonel, punctual to the moment, entered the saloon, which looked out by a window on the Platz—a strange contrast, to be sure, for his eyes; the great sideboard loaded with luscious fare, and covered by an atmosphere of savoury smoke; and the meagre bivouack without, where groups of officers sat, eating their simple rations, and passing their goblets of washy beer from hand to hand.

"Rouchefoucauld says, 'There is always something pleasant in the misfortunes of our best friends;' and as I suppose he knew his countrymen, I conclude that the colonel arranged his napkin on his knee with a high sense of enjoyment for the little panorama which met his eyes on the Platz.

"It must certainly have been a goodly sight, and somewhat of a surprise besides, for an old campaigner to see the table groaning under its display of good things; amid which, like Lombardy poplars in a Flemish landscape, the tall and taper necks of various flasks shot up—some frosted with an icy crest, some cobwebbed with the touch of time.

"Ladling the potage from a great silver tureen of antique mould, the host stood beside the colonel's chair, enjoying—as only a host can enjoy—the mingled delight and admiration of his guest: and now the work began in earnest. What an admirable soup, and what a glass of 'Nieder thaler'—no hock was ever like it; and those patés—they were 'en bechamelle.' 'He was sorry they were not oysters, but the Chablis he could vouch for.' And well he might; such a glass of wine might console the emperor for Leipsic.

"How do you say the trout was fried, my friend?"

"In mushroom gravy, dashed with anchovy."

"Another slice, if you'll permit me, pop!"

"That flask has burst its bonds in time: I was wishing to taste your 'Œil de Perdrix.'"

"The outposts were driven in by this time, and the heavy guns of the engagement were brought down; in other words, the braten, a goodly dish of veal, garnished with every incongruity the mind of man could muster, entered; which, while the host carved at the sideboard, the colonel devoured in his imagination, comforting himself the while by a salmi of partridges with truffles.

"Some invaluable condiment had, however, been forgotten with the veal, and the host bustled out of the room in search of it. The door had not well closed, when the colonel dashed out a goblet of champagne, and drank it at a draught; then, springing from the window into the Platz, where already the shadow of evening was falling, was immediately replaced by the major, whose dress and general appearance were sufficiently like his own to deceive any stranger.

"Helping himself without loss of time to the salmi, he ate away, like one whose appetite had suffered a sore trial from suspense.

"The salmi gave place to the veal, and the veal to the baked pike; for so it is, the stomach, in Germany, is a kind of human ark, wherein, though there is little order in the procession, the animals enter whole and entire.

The host watched his guest's performance, and was in ecstasies. Good things never did meet with more perfect appreciation; and as for the wine, he drank it like a Swabian, whole goblets full at a draught. At length, holding up an empty flask, he cried out, 'Champagne!' and away trotted the fat man to his cellar, rather surprised, it is true, how rapidly three flasks of his 'Ai Mousseux' had disappeared.

"This was now the critical moment, and with a half sigh of regret, the major leaped into the street, and the first captain relieved the guard.

"Poor fellow, he was fearfully hungry, and helped himself to the first dish before him, and drank from the bottle at his side, like one whose stomach had long ceased to be pampered by delicacies.

"'Du Heiliger!' cried the host to himself, as he stood behind the chair, and surveyed the performance—'Du Heiliger! how he does eat; one wouldn't suppose he had been at it these fifty minutes. Art ready for the capon now?' continued he, as he removed the keel and floor-timbers of a saddle of mutton.

"'The capon,' sighed the other; 'yes, the capon, now.' Alas! he knew that delicious dish was reserved for his successor. And so it was; before the host re-entered, the second captain had filled his glass twice, and was anxiously sitting in expectation of the capon.

"Such a bird as it was!—a very sarcophagus of truffles—a mine of delicious dainties of every clime and cuisine!

"'Good—eh?'

"'Delicious!' said the second captain, filling a bumper, and handing it to his host, while he clinked his own against it in friendly guise.

"'A pleasant fellow, truly,' said the host, and a social—but, Lord, how he eats! There go the wings and the back! Himmel und Erde! if he isn't at the pastry now!

"'Wine!' cried the Frenchman, striking the table with the empty bottle, 'wine!'

"The host crossed himself, and went out in search of more liquor, muttering as he shuffled along, 'What would have become of me, if I hadn't paid the indemnity!'

"The third captain was at his post before the host got back, and whatever the performance of his predecessors, it was nothing to his. The pasty disappeared like magic, the fricandeau seemed to have melted away like snow before the sun; while he drank, indiscriminately, Hock, Hermitage, and Bordeaux, as though he were a camel, victualling himself for a three weeks' tramp in the desert.

"The poor host now walked round the board, and surveyed the 'débris' of the feast with a sad heart. Of all the joints which he hoped to have seen cold on the shelves of his larder, some ruined fragments alone remained. Here was the gable-end of a turkey—there, the side-wall of a sirloin; on one side, the broken roof of a pasty; on the other, the bare joists of a rib of beef. It was the Palmyra of things eatable, and a sad and melancholy sight to gaze on.

"'What comes next, good host?' cried the third captain, as he wiped his lips with his napkin.

"'Next!' cried the host, in horror. 'Hagel und regen! thou canst not eat more, surely!'

"'I don't know that,' replied the other; 'the air of these mountains freshens the appetite—I might pick a little of something sweet.'

"With a groan of misery, the poor host placed a plum pie before the all-devouring stranger, and then, as if to see that no legerdmain was practised, stationed himself directly in front, and watched every morsel, as he put it into his mouth. No, the thing was all fair, he ate like any one else, grinding his food and smacking his lips, like an ordinary mortal. The host looked down on the floor, and beneath the cloth of the table—what was that for? Did he suspect the stranger had a tail?

" 'A glass of mulled claret with cloves!' said the Frenchman, 'and then you may bring the dessert.'

" 'The heavens be praised!' cried the host, as he swept the last fragments of the table into a wide tray, and left the room.

" 'Egad! I thought you had forgotten me altogether, captain,' said a stout, fat fellow, as he squeezed himself with difficulty through the window, and took his seat at the table. This was the quarter-master of the regiment, and celebrated for his appetite throughout the whole brigade.

" 'Ach Gott! how he is swelled out!' was the first exclamation of the host, as he re-entered the room; 'and no wonder either, when one thinks of what he has eaten.'

" 'How now, what's this?' shouted the quarter-master, as he saw the dessert arranging on the table. 'Sacré tonnerre! what's all this?'

" 'The dessert—if you can eat it'—said the host, with a deep sigh.

" 'Eat it!—no—how the devil should I?'

" 'I thought not,' responded the other submissively, 'I thought not—even a shark will get gorged at last.'

" 'Eh, what's that you say?' replied the quarter-master, roughly. 'You don't expect a man to dine on figs and walnuts, or dried prunes and olives, do you?'

" 'Dine!' shouted the host, 'and have you not dined?'

" 'No, mille Combes, that I haven't, as you shall soon see!'

" 'Alle Gute Geisten loben den Herrn!' said the host, blessing himself. 'An thou be'st Satanus, I charge thee, keep away!'

" A shout of laughter from without prevented the quarter-master's reply to this exorcism being heard, while the trumpet sounded suddenly for 'boot and saddle.'

" With a bottle of wine stuffed in each pocket, the quarter-master rose from table, and hurried away to join his companions, who had received sudden orders to push forward towards Cassel; and as the bewildered host stood at his window, while the regiment filed past, each officer saluted him politely, as they cried out in turn, 'Adieu, monsieur! my compliments to the braten'—'the turkey was delicious'—'the salmi perfect'—'the capon glorious'—'the venison a chef-d'œuvre!' down to the fat quarter-master, who, as he raised a flask to his lips, and shook his head reproachfully, said, 'Ah! you old screw, nothing better than nuts and raisins to give a hungry man for his dinner!' And so they disappeared from the Platz, leaving mine host in a maze of doubt and bewilderment, which it took many a day and night's meditation to solve to his own conviction."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

So much of the Diary of Lady Willoughby as relates to her Domestic History, and to the eventful period of the Reign of Charles the First. Small 4to. 18s.

The Letters of Sir Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann. Vols. III. and IV. 8vo. 1l. 8s.

Cabul and the Punjab. By Lieut. Barr. Fcap. 8vo. 12s.

Our Indian Empire, its History and Present State. By Charles M'Farlane. Vol. I. 6s.

Thornton's Gazetteer of Scinde, Afghanistan, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 5s.

The Rural Life of England. By William Howitt. Third Edition. 8vo. 1l. 1s.

Ellen Middleton. A Tale. By Lady Fullerton. 3 vols. post. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Anecdotes of Actors. By Mrs. Mathews. 1 vol. 8vo. 14s.

Constancy and Contrition. A Novel. 3 vols. post 8vo. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

The Governess. Royal 18mo. 4s.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

THE accounts from the manufacturing districts mark an improvement in the aspect of trade. A fair and steady business has been done in Man-

chester goods. Some speculation has been excited in the flannel market, and it is expected that further advances will take place in wool, in which the prices remain firm. Extensive business has been done in the iron trade, sustained by the flourishing aspect of the railway shares. There has been a fair supply of English wheat, and transactions in the foreign have been limited. In sugar little business has been done, and that at lower rates. In the tea trade the market suffered some depression when it was understood that no alteration in the duty had been made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The demand has been good for the finer sorts of coffee.

MONEY MARKET.—Since the Premier has brought forward his measures for the future regulation of the currency, an increased confidence has been manifested in the securities of the money market. The chancellor broker, and the savings' bank broker, both at the commencement of the month made large purchases. Upon the whole but little speculative spirit has been manifested by the holders.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Tuesday, 28th of May.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 199.—Consols for Acct. 95 one-half.—Three per Cents. Consols, Anns. 98 five-eighths.—Three and a Half per Cents. New, 102 one-half.—Indian Stock, 289.—Exchequer Bills, Small, 1½d. 73s. 71s.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Dutch Two and Half per Cent. 61½.—Spanish Five per Cents. 23 five-eighths.—Spanish Three per Cents. 35.—Mexican Five per Cents. 33 three-eighths.—Dutch Five per Cent. 100 five-eighths.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM APRIL 23 TO MAY 24, 1844, INCLUSIVE.

April 23.—W. Austin, Bell-street, Edgeware-road, builder.—E. Graham, Dover-street, Piccadilly, singing master.—H. Channell, Southampton, coal merchant.—W. Read and E. Page, Ipswich, ship builders.—F. H. Ward, Arbour-terrace, Commercial-road, tallow chandler.—G. Smeeton, Stratford, Essex, horse dealer.—J. B. King, Newgate-street, merchant.—W. Brown, Rickmansworth, auctioneer.—A. Batty, Birkenshaw, Yorkshire, innkeeper.—R. Jackson, Leeds, machine maker.—W. Lloyd, Liverpool, wine merchant.—S. Brothers, Newcastle-under-Lyne, carrier.

April 26.—G. Park, Charles-street, Commercial-road, Stepney, cowkeeper.—S. Bache, Milford Cottages, Commercial-road, Peckham, builder.—B. W. Blake, City-road, merchant.—H. Haigh, Ratcliffe-highway, engineer.—J. W. Robey, Upper John-street, Fitzroy-square, builder.—W. Rogers, Newport, Monmouthshire, draper.—T. Bake, Chorlton-upon-Medlock, Manchester, common brewer.—W. Ashwin, Birmingham, steel penmaker.—R. Harris, Liverpool, hotel-keeper.—R. D. Newman, Leeds, cornfactor.—J. Simpson, jun., and W. Toft, Wakefield, Yorkshire, alkali manufacturers.

April 30.—J. Maclean, Somerset-street, Whitechapel, carpenter and builder.—S. Wilcockson, Chesterfield, Derby, linen-draper and mercer.—C. Johnson, Rochdale, Lancaster, lime dealer and inspector of weights and measures.—C. Nichols, Wakefield, York, bookseller and stationer.—G. F. Wright, Ironbridge, Madeley, Salop, innkeeper.—J. Perry, Coventry-road, Birmingham, maister and attorney's writing clerk.—G. E. Phillips, Plymouth, Devon, saddler and harness maker.—J. Pemberton, Knostrop, York, soap boiler.—G. Morrey, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick, publican.—J. Gould, Sheen, Stafford, cheese factor.

May 3.—H. Alden, Queen-street, Oxford, stationer and printer.—J. Gibbins, High-street, Marylebone, carpenter and builder.—R. Bar-

ham, Emsworth, Hants, linendraper.—J. Diamond, George-street, Tower-hill, merchant.—J. Grover, Regent-street, Lambeth, stone merchant.—S. Jevons, Lincoln, shoemaker.—A. Sillitoe, Sudbury, Suffolk, innkeeper.

May 7.—E. Holmes, King-street, Cheapside, warehouseman.—H. Simmonds, Southwark, hop factor.—W. H. Nash and W. Gardiner, Exeter, drapers.—T. Cox, Porchester-street, Connaught-square, fruiterer.—C. Williams, Sutton-street, York-road, Lambeth, furrier.—T. W. Baker, Woolwich, builder.—J. Bird, St. John's-square, Clerkenwell, watch manufacturer.—J. Moorhouse, Rotherham, Yorkshire, cattle dealer.—W. F. Nicholson, Halifax, worsted spinner.—H. Peacock, Stockton-upon-Tees, grocer.—S. Meredith, Liverpool, linendraper.—W. Hind, Preston, Lancashire, common brewer.—F. Davis, Tipton and West Bromwich, linendraper.—J. Arnold, Farndon, Chester, and H. Arnold, Derby, cheese factors.

May 10.—M. Brunswick, Lime-street, merchant.—J. Elliott, Caxton, Cambridgeshire, innkeeper.—F. Banner, Upper Thames-street, provision merchant.—J. Clark, Mincing-lane, Fenchurch-street, colonial broker.—S. Saxby, Old Fish-street, City, wine merchant.—C. Styles, Worthing, grocer.—T. Kempster, Blackman-street, Southwark, builder.—S. Woodroffe, Chepstow, Monmouthshire, wine merchant.—G. Parker, Sheffield, spade-manufacturer.—J. Dixon, Sheffield, linendraper.

May 14.—T. C. Lancefield, Augustus-square, Regent's-park, builder.—J. Pledge, Vauxhall-street, Lambeth, bricklayer.—W. Burton, King-street, Soho, upholsterer.—E. Hayward, Castle Hedingham, Essex, innkeeper.—J. M. Polak, Coleman street-buildings, merchant.—J. Baker, Romsey, grocer.—E. Brennand, Highgate, ironmonger.—J. Todd, sen., and J. Todd, Bury street, Bloomsbury, ironmongers.—E. Foster, Dover, tailor.—J. S. Austin, Bedford, surveyor.—E. Reeve, Liverpool, fruiterer.—J. Howden,

Wakefield, ironfounder.—R. Richardson, Manchester, gambroon manufacturer.—H. Drake, Barnstaple, attorney-at-law.—T. H. Wetmore, Worcester, tea-dealer.—E. Brown, Birmingham, merchant.—J. W. Harris, Wolverhampton, wine merchant.

May 17.—E. B. Lamb, Burton-crescent, builder.—S. Banks, Ipswich, victualler.—R. Masterman, Trinity-street, Southwark, surgeon.—P. Cataneo and I. Cataneo, Reigate, Surrey, jewellers.—T. W. Younghusband, Upper Belgrave place, bitumen manufacturer.—C. Newton and C. Worssam, Kingsland-basin, Kingsland-road, engineers.—R. Marks, Union-street, Borough, victualler.

May 21.—J. Cooper, Stoney-lane, Southwark, wheelwright.—W. Lickfold, Merrow, Surrey, licensed victualler.—W. C. Buttress, Sewardstone, Essex, silk throwster.—J. Snelling, Blackman-street, Southwark, eating-house

keeper.—I. Alden, Oxford, butcher.—P. R. Morrison, Liverpool, merchant.—T. Carline, Shrewsbury, builder.—D. Parker, Salford, Lancashire, hop merchant.—W. Gray, Sheffield, wine and spirit merchant.—L. L. Halls, Taunton, tea dealer.—J. Ward, West Bromwich, coachmaker.—W. Fletcher, Cinderhill, Staffordshire, maltster.—E. Riley, Stratford-upon-Avon, grocer.—M. Lewis, Derby, straw bonnet manufacturer.

May 24.—B. Webb, High-street, Southwark, cheesemonger.—J. W. Martin, Newmarket, chemist.—J. M. Pike, Great Bath-street, Cold-bath-square, licensed victualler.—W. Parson, Southampton, grocer.—T. Davison, Stockton-upon-Tees, grocer.—J. Smith, Manchester, calico-printer.—J. C. Johnson and W. Chapman, Manchester, manufacturing chemists.—J. Pitt, Longdon, Worcestershire, innkeeper.

NEW PATENTS.

W. Pollard, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the manufacture of ammonia and its compounds. March 28th, 6 months.

J. Hardy, of Birmingham, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the process of welding tubes, pipes, or hollow rods of malleable iron by machinery. March 28th, 6 months.

A. R. Johnson, of Regent-street, Hatter, for certain improvements in hats. March 28th, 6 months.

J. Maudslay, of Lambeth, Engineer, for certain improvements in steam-engines. March 28th, 6 months.

J. Cooper, of Hoxton, in the County of Middlesex, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the purification and clarification of sugar, which improvements are also applicable to the purifying and clarifying of other articles of commerce. March 28th.

R. Davison, of Brick Lane, Civil Engineer, and W. Symington, of East Smithfield, Civil Engineer, for a method or methods of drying, seasoning, and hardening wood and other articles, part of which are applicable to the desiccation of vegetable substances generally. March 28th, 6 months.

R. Mollett, of Shacklewell, Gentleman, and Jesse Bridgman, of Hackney, Gentleman, for certain improvements in separating the fatty and oily from the membranous portions of animal and vegetable substances. March 28th, 6 months.

C. W. Spicer, of Portman Square, Esq., for an invention called the nautilus, or portable life preserver and swimming belt. March 28th, 6 months. Communication.

C. H. F. Dumontier, of Rouen, France, Engineer, for improvements in the construction of lithographic and autographic presses. March 28th, 6 months. Communication.

J. R. Dicksee, of Old Compton Street, Soho Square, Artist, for improvements in the manufacture of mosaics. March 30th, 6 months.

W. Crosskill, of the Iron Works, Beverley, for improvements in machinery for making wheels for carriages. March 30th, 6 months.

H. Clayton, of Upper Park Place, Dorset Square, Regent's Park, Plumber and Machinist, for improvements in the manufacture of tiles, drain pipes or tubes, and bricks. March 30th, 6 months.

J. Biggs, of the Borough of Leicester, Manufacturer, and R. Harris, the younger, of Leicester, aforesaid, Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of looped, woven, and elastic fabrics. March 30th, 6 months.

L. Bostwick, of Fen-court, Fenchurch Street, London, Merchant, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for sewing all kinds of cloth or other materials. April 2nd, 6 months.

W. Stace, of Berwick, Sussex, Farmer, and P. Vallance, of the same place, Farmer, for improvements in applying power for drawing or working ploughs and other implements, and carriages used for agricultural purposes. April 2nd, 6 months.

J. Parsons, of Selwood Terrace, Brompton, Gentleman, for certain improvements

in machinery or apparatus for cleansing or sweeping chimneys and flues. April 2nd, 6 months.

J. Murdoch, of Staple's Inn, Mechanical Draftsman, for certain improved apparatus and processes for preparing the phormium tenax, or New Zealand flax, so as to render it applicable to various useful purposes. April 2nd, 6 months. Communication.

F. Brown, of Luton, in the county of Bedford, Ironmonger, for improvements in stoves. April 10th, 6 months.

J. Murray, of Garnkirk Coal Company, Scotland, for a new method of using and applying artificial gas, made from coal, oil, or other substances, for lighting and ventilating caverns, pits, or mines, or other pits where minerals or metals are worked or extracted. April 10th, 4 months.

R. Barber, of Hotel Street, Leicester, Confectioner, for improvements in apparatus for giving quick rotatory motion to mops and such-like instruments. April 10th, 6 months.

J. Aitken, of Surrey Square, for improvements in water machines or engines, and steam-engines, and the mode of traction on or in canals or other waters or ways. April 10th, 6 months.

G. W. Lenox and J. Jones, of Billeter Square, London, Merchants, for improvements in the manufacture of sheaves and shells for blocks, and of bolt rings or washers for the purposes of shipwrights and engineers. April 10th, 6 months.

J. Kennedy, (of the firm of Bury, Curtis, and Kennedy,) of Liverpool, Engineer, and T. Vernon, of the same place, Iron-ship Builder, for certain improvements in the building or construction of iron and other vessels for navigation on water. April 15th, 6 months.

J. Lawson, of Leeds, Engineer, and T. Robinson, of the same place, Flax Dresser, for certain improvements in machinery for heckling, dressing, combing, and cleaning flax, wool, silk, and other fibrous substances. April 16th, 6 months.

E. Heale, of Brixton, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the construction of carriages for the conveyance of passengers on roads and railways. April 18th, 6 months.

D. Grant, of Greenwich, Esquire, for improvements applicable to the ventilation of apartments, in which gas and other incombustible matters are consumed by ignition. April 18th, 6 months.

J. B. Denton, of Gray's Inn Square, Land Agent, for improvements in machinery for moulding or shaping clay, and other plastic substances for draining and other purposes. April 18th, 6 months.

J. Murdoch, of Staples Inn, Mechanical Draughtsman and Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the construction of vessels for holding aerated liquids, and in the means for introducing such liquids into the said vessels, and retaining them therein. April 18th, 6 months. Communication.

J. Smith, of Bradford, in the County of York, Worsted Spinner, for improvements in machinery for tentering and stretching cloths or fabrics. April 18th, 6 months.

R. Roberts, of the Globe Works, Manchester, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for the preparation of cotton and wool, and also for spinning and doubling cotton, silk, wool, and other fibrous substances. April 18th, 6 months.

J. Woods, of Barge Yard Chambers, Bucklersbury, Gentleman, for improvements in regulating the power and velocity of machines for communicating power. April 18th, 6 months. Communication.

W. Hodson, of New King Street, Kingston-upon-Hull, Estate Agent, for a machine for making and compressing bricks, tiles, square pavers, and ornamental bricks. April 18th, 6 months.

H. Frearson, of Arno Vale, Nottingham, Lace Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of warp fabrics. April 23rd, 6 months.

P. Lear, of Boston, Suffolk, of the State of Massachusetts, America, Gentleman, for certain new and useful improvements in machinery for propelling vessels through the water. April 23rd, 6 months.

W. Taylor, of Birmingham, Door Spring Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of axle pulleys, and in pegs or pins for hanging hats or other garments thereon. April 24th, 6 months.

R. Allaire, of Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, Dyer and Cleaner, for improvements for cleansing gentlemen's garments. April 24th, 6 months.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

April 24.—No House.

April 25.—No House.

April 26.—Some conversation arose respecting the recall of Lord Ellenborough, and the Marquess of Normanby inquired if it were true that the Court of Directors of the East India Company had recalled Lord Ellenborough from the government of India.—The Earl of Ripon replied that they had exercised their power to recall at their will and pleasure the Governor-general of India.

April 27.—No House.

April 29.—Lord Beaumont laid on the table a bill, the object of which was to place charitable bequests made to Roman Catholics on the same footing as charitable bequests made to Protestant Dissenters. The bill was then read a first time.—The Bail in Error Bill was read a second time.—The Court of Common Pleas Law Process Bill was also read a second time.—A long conversation arose on the recall of Lord Ellenborough from the Governor-generalship of India by the Directors of the East India Company.

April 30.—Lord Cottenham moved the second reading of his bill for amending the relations of creditors and debtors. The bill was read a second time.

May 1.—No House.

May 2.—Lord Campbell moved the committal of the Bail in Error Bill. It was proposed, as an amendment, that the bill be committed that day six months, which was agreed to without a division.

May 3.—The Lord Chancellor moved that the Dissenters' Chapel Bill be committed; the Bishop of London moved, as an amendment, that the bill be committed that day six months: the amendment was negatived without a division, and the bill passed through committee.—The Eastern Counties Railway Bill was read a third time and passed.

May 4.—No House.

May 5.—The Marquess of Clanricarde brought forward his motion respecting the appointment of Mr. O'Brien to the office of a stipendiary magistrate in Ireland. The noble marquess moved a resolution—"That to appoint as a stipendiary magistrate in Ireland a person who had published intemperate and violent expressions, and extreme opinions on those public questions which agitated the minds of the country was calculated to disturb all confidence in that steady and efficient administration of justice which it should be the object of such appointments to insure." After some conversation, Lord Clanricarde's resolution was negatived without a division.—The Courts of Common Law (Ireland) Bill was read a second time.

May 7.—A long discussion arose on the subject of Lord Ellenborough's recall from India, after which Lord Brougham's Bill for facilitating arrangements between Debtor and Creditor was read a second time.

May 8.—No House.

May 9.—The Lord Chancellor moved the third reading of the Dissenters' Chapels Bill. The House divided, and the bill was read a third time and passed.—The Night Poaching Prevention Bill was read a third time and passed.

May 10.—The Duke of Richmond moved for a return of the quantity of foreign wool imported since 1814, specifying the quantity brought from our colonies. Ordered.

May 11.—No House.

May 13.—Lord Brougham moved the second reading of his Bill for the Consolidation of the Criminal Law. The bill was read a second time.

May 14.—On the motion of Lord Wharncliffe, the Factories' Bill was read a first time.—On the motion of the Earl Fitzwilliam, it was agreed "that a message be sent to the other House of Parliament, requesting a copy of the reports that had been made to the House by the committees appointed on railways."

May 15.—No House.

May 16.—No House.

May 17.—Lord Monteagle moved for a copy of the memorial addressed to the Treasury respecting the execution of the railroad between Dublin and Cashel.—The Duke of Wellington said that it was the wish of her majesty's government to give every facility to the public in this undertaking. Ordered.—The Bishop of Exeter laid on the table a Bill for the more effectual suppression of brothels, and trading in seduction and prostitution. The bill was read a first time.

May 18.—No House.

May 20.—The Factories Bill was read a second time.

May 21.—Lord Beaumont moved for an address to her majesty for extracts of the correspondence between the Foreign Office and Sir Thomas Reade, the consul at Tunis, respecting the trial of the Maltese Xuebab, and the interference of the French Consul-General on that occasion. The motion was agreed to.—Lord Brougham laid on the table a Bill to amend the Act for the Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt. Read a first time, and ordered to be printed.

May 22.—No House.

May 23.—A long discussion took place respecting a clause which had been added to the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway Bill, but to which the House of Commons had refused to agree, because it was in violation of their standing orders. This clause, which gave a power to the railway company to erect gates upon the queen's high road, three quarters of a mile distant from the railway, for the purpose of complying with a stipulation entered into between them and Lord Brougham, had been introduced by Lord Brougham on bringing up the report of the bill, and had been objected to by the House of Commons, upon a conference, as being irrelevant to the bill, and fit only to be dealt with as part of a turnpike act.—On the motion of Lord Brougham, the Criminal Law Amendment Bill went through committee *pro forma*, and was reported.—The Customs' Duties Bill was brought up from the Commons, and was read a first time; to be read a second time on Thursday next.—The Turnpike Roads (Ireland) Bill was also brought up.—On the motion of Lord Cottenham, the House went into committee *pro forma* on the Debtors and Creditors Bill, and the noble and learned lord proposed several amendments.—The Lord Chancellor said he had also to propose several amendments, but they were framed upon the bill as it originally stood. It would, therefore, be advisable that they should be printed. The bill then went through committee.

Adjourned to the 30th inst.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—April 24.—The Marquess of Blandford took the oaths and his seat for Woodstock. The House was occupied exclusively with the dispute between Mr. Ferrand and Sir J. Graham.

April 25.—No House.

April 26.—Mr. T. Duncombe moved that the Factories' Bill should be referred to a Select Committee; on which motion the House divided, the numbers were, for the Select Committee, 42, against it, 145. The bill then went into the Committee of the whole House, and the clauses up to 21 were agreed to.

April 27.—No House.

April 29.—The House resolved itself into a Committee of Ways and Means. The Chancellor of the Exchequer laid before the House his annual statement of the actual receipts and disbursements of the past, and the anticipated revenue and expenditure of the current years.

April 30.—Mr. Fox Maule moved for leave to bring in a bill for regulating the oaths to be taken in the Universities of Scotland, by persons bearing offices there. After some discussion, the House divided on the motion, when the numbers were, for it, 101, against it, 128.

May 1.—On the order of the day being read for the House resolving itself into Committee on the Masters' and Servants' Bill, numerous petitions were presented against it. Mr. Duncombe moved that the House should go into committee on the bill that day six months. The House divided, when there appeared for Mr. Duncomb's motion, 97, against it, 44.

May 2.—Mr. Hurst took the oaths and his seat for Horsham.—The Newbury and Basingstoke Railway Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Lords amendments to the Norwich and Brandon Railway Bill were agreed to.—The Lords amendments to the Great Western Railway were read and agreed to.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer obtained leave to bring in a bill to amend the laws relating to Savings' Banks, and to the purchase of Government Annuities through the medium of Savings' Banks.

May 3.—On the motion that the order of the day for the House resolving itself into Committee on the Factories' Bill, Mr. Roebuck moved, "That it is the opinion of this House that no interference with the power of adult labourers in factories, to make contracts respecting the hours for which they shall be employed, be sanctioned by this House." After much conversation, the House divided on the amendment, when the numbers for it were, 76, against it, 282.—The Pontop and South Shields Railway Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Newcastle and Darlington Junction Railway Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Lords' amendments

to the Guildford Junction Railway Bill were read and agreed to.—The Leeds and Selby Railway Purchase (No. 2) Bill was read a third time and passed.

May 4.—No House.

May 6.—The House went into Committee on the Bank of England Charter Act.—The House also went into Committee on the Factories' Bill, when all the clauses were agreed to.

May 7.—Mr. Hume moved for the production of the correspondence between the Directors of the East India Company and the Government. After a long discussion, the House divided on the motion, when the numbers were, against it, 197, for it, 21.

May 8.—No House.

May 9.—Mr. Hume moved for an address to the Crown to abolish the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. After some discussion, the motion was withdrawn.

May 10.—Mr. Thesiger (the Solicitor-General) took his seat for Abingdon.—A long debate arose on the third reading of the Factories' Bill, which was adjourned.

May 11.—No House.

May 13.—The adjourned debate on the third reading of the Factories' Bill was resumed; and after considerable discussion the House divided, when the numbers were, for the motion, 136, against it, 7. The bill was then passed.

May 14.—Mr. S. Crawford moved for leave to bring in a bill to extend Parliamentary Suffrage, and secure a full and free representation of the people. Dr. Bowring seconded the motion. No further observations were made, and the House divided; for the motion, 31, against it, 97.—Sir D. Norreys moved the appointment of a Select Committee on the Irish Poor Law. Sir James Graham opposed the motion, on the ground that such inquiry was deprecated by the principal Irish members, and could answer no good purpose. On a division, the motion was negatived by 42 to 10.

May 15.—No House.

May 16.—Lord Sandon moved for returns of extracts of despatches from the Governor-General of India, on the subject of the emigration of Hill Coolies. Agreed to.—Mr. Gladstone moved a new schedule of duties, preparatory to introducing a bill for regulating the Customs in the Isle of Man, which was agreed to.—The West India Relief Bill was read a second time.—Sir Charles Napier brought before the House the state of the Navy List, with a view, principally, to the establishment of a retired list for officers above sixty years of age. The House divided, against the motion 71, for it, 28.

May 17.—The House went into Committee on the Customs' Duties Bill.—The House then resumed.—The House then went into Committee on the Stamp Duties' Bill. The clauses were agreed to, and also the schedule of duties; a motion by Mr. Foster, for a diminution of the duty on marine insurances having been negatived on a division by 69 to 22.

May 18.—No House.

May 20.—The House went into Committee on the Bank of England Charter Acts, when the resolutions were agreed to.—On the motion of Mr. Gladstone, a proposition to reduce the deposit on railway speculations from ten to five per cent. was, after some discussion, agreed to.

May 21.—Nothing of importance.

May 22.—Sir G. Clerk moved for leave to bring in a bill to enable her Majesty to carry into effect by orders in council any treaties for the suppression of the slave trade.—On the motion of M. Labouchere, the Forestalling Bill was read a second time.—Mr. Greene brought up the report of the Committee of the whole House on the Bank resolutions, which were agreed to, and a bill ordered to be brought in by Sir R. Peel and the Chancellor of the Exchequer.—The Smoke Prohibition Bill was read a second time on the motion of Mr. Mackinnon, and ordered to be committed on the 5th of June.

May 23.—The Customs' Duties Bill was read a third time, and passed.—Mr. W. O. Stanley moved for a Select Committee to inquire into certain allegations contained in a petition which prayed for inquiry into the management of the endowed schools in the diocese of Bangor and St. Asaph; and entered into a long statement as to their alleged mismanagement. Sir James Graham said, that government had in contemplation a measure for providing a summary and judicial remedy in every case of abuse, so as to enforce the proper application of the funds. The motion accordingly was withdrawn.

May 24.—The House went into a Committee of Supply.—The Bank Charter Bill was read a first time, and ordered to be printed.—The House adjourned to Thursday, the 30th inst.